

Only The Brave

Cowards and Draft Dodgers

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The Wall is a healing-place for veterans; and
rips the *fled-the-nation* scabs from unhealing
sores of cowards and draft-dodgers.

The long-walk along The Wall... overwhelming;
the names of 58,220; all felled who answered the
call, joined spirited-fellows and men of war who
savored the right to fight for country, and merit
nation's lasting honor within the hallowed Wall.

Cowards who fled to Canada—wearing camouflage
jackets—slink boldly along
The Wall, reading names (but not too many),
engraved in black-granite and forged in blood. Never
will they, you, envision the sacrifices necessary, nor
willingness to subvert one's will to what must be
done to thwart an uncompromising foe.

Do Vietnam draft dodgers have regrets? like:
Should I have gone to war?
Would my name be written on this black stone?
Would I have been a hero?
Any Medals—like, the big one?
Did I make the right decision? Maybe...Probably...but...
Whose name is where mine could have been?

America's brave would take to the hills and fight on
to save our nation, joined by those craving freedom in
whose ranks they spring forth from, taking the path of
danger, risking all, knew the risks, wanting to survive and
return home—does this surprise you? —
Cowards need not apply.

You lack a valiant heart and courage to accept or withstand the
terrible cost of war—or the will to defend your country.

You are undeserving to judge or fantasize your coward's name
amongst the inscribed brave.